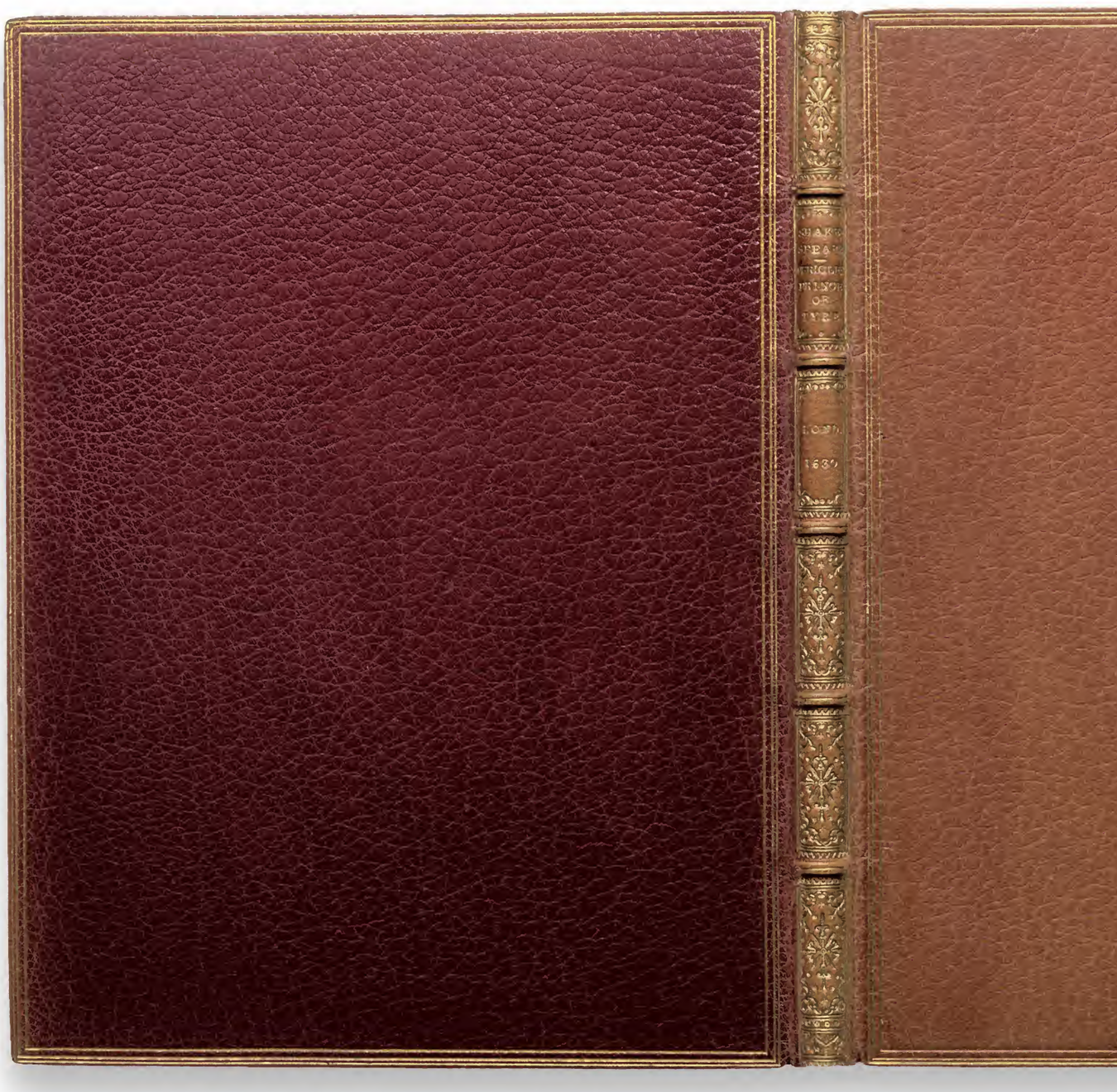
SHAKE
SPEAR
TRICLE
PRINCE
OF
TYRE
LONDON
1630

BOUND BY A. RIDFORD

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Perfect.

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THE LATE,

And much admired Play,

CALLED

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Hi-
story, aduentures, and fortunes
of the layd Prince:

Written by WILL. SHAKESPEARE.

UNIV. EDINBURGEN.

LONDON,
Printed by I. N. for R. B. 1630.

254

Antiochus King of Syria —
Thaliard of Antiochus Chamber —
Pericles Prince of Tyre —
Hellicanus } subjects to Pericles —
Escanes }
Lysimachus, Governer of Metaline
Simonide King of Pantapolis
Sr. Cerymon } of Ephesus
Philemon —
Cleon — governer of Tharsus.
Pirats —
Fishermen —
three Bandes —
Leonine a murtherer imployd by Dioniza

Hesperidos, daughter to Antiochus
Thaisa — daughter to Simonides
Marina — daughter to Pericles & Thaisa
Dioniza, wife to Cleon —
Lychorida, a nurse —

The History Of Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Enter Gower.

TO sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes, ancient *Gower* is come,
Assuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and please your eies;
It hath beene sung at Festiuals,
On Ember eues, and holy-daies
And Lords and Ladies in their liues,
Haue read it for restoratiues:
The purchase is to make men glorious.
Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:
If you, borne in these latter times,
When wits more ripe, accept my Rimes:
And that to heare an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring
I life would wish, and might
Waste it for you like Taper-light.
This *Antioch*, then, *Antiochus* the great,
Built vp this City for his chiefest seate;
The fairest in all *Syria*.
I tell you what mine Authors say:
This King vnto him tooke a peere,
Who died, and left a female heire,
So bucksome, blithe, and full of face,

As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to incest did prouoke:
Bad child, worse father, to entice his owne.
To euill should be done by none:
But custome, what they did begin,
Was with long vse, accounted no sinne,
The beauty of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To seeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her still and men in awe,
That who so askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testifie.
What ensues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cause, who best can iustifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Per I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
with the glory of her praise, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Musicke bring in our daughter, cleathed like a bride
For embracements, euen of *Ioue* himselfe;
At whose conception till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gaue, to glad her presence,
The Senate house of *Planets* all did sit,
To knit in her this best perfections

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her subiects, and her though the King,
Of euery vertue giues renowne to men

Her

Her face the booke of praises, were as read,
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were euer rackt, and testy wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.
You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue
That haue enaflm'd desire in my brest,
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,
[Or die in the aduenture] be my helpes,
As I am sonne and seruant to your will,
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

Anti. Prince *Pericles.*

Per. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*

Ant. Before thee stands this faire *Hesperides*,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be toucht:
For death like dragons here affright thee hard,
Her face like heauen, intices thee to view
Her countlesse glory, which desert must gaine;
And which without desert because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die,
Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy selfe,
Drawne by report, aduenturous by desire,
Tell thee with speechlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
That without couering, saue yon field of starres,
Heere they stand martyrs, slaine in *Cupids* warres:
And with dead cheekes aduise thee to desist,
For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus I thanke thee, who hath taught
My fraile mortallity to know it selfe,
And by those fearefull obiects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remembred, should be like a Myrrour
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it error:
Ile make my will then, and as sicke men do,
Who know the world, see heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince should do

My

My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my vnsuppoſed fire of Loue to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the ſharpeſt blow [*Antiochus*]
Scorning aduice; read the concluſion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before, thou thy ſelfe ſhall bleed.
Daugh. Of all ſaid yet, thou proue proſperous,
Of all ſaid yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe.
Per. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aſke aduice of any other thought,
But faithfullneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers fleſh which did me breed:
I ſought a huſband in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father.
Hee's father, ſonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his Childe:
How they may be, and yet in two.
As you will liue, reſolue it you.

Sharpe phyſicke is the laſt; but O you powers!
That giues heauen countles eyes to view mens acts,
Why cloud they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes mee pale to reade it,
Faire glaſſe of light, I lou'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections wait
That knowing ſinne within, will touch the gate:
You are a faire Vyoll, and your ſence the ſtrings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw heauen downe, and all the Gods to hearken,
But being plaid vpon before your time,
Hell only daunceth at ſo harſh a chime:

Good

Good ſooth, I care not for you.
Anti. Prince *Pericles*, touch not vpon thy life,
For that's an article within our Law,
As daugerous as the reſt your times expirde
Either expound now, or receiue your ſentence.
Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the ſinnes they loue to acte,
T, would braid your ſelfe too meane for me to tell it:
Who hath a booke of all that Monarchs do,
Hee's more ſecure to keepe it ſhut, then ſhewne:
For vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes duſt in others eies, to ſpread it ſelfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eies ſee cleare.
To ſtop the aire would hurt them, the blinde Mole caſt
Copt hils toward heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppreſſion, and the poore worme doth die for't
Kings are earths Gods: in vice their law's their will,
And if *Ioue* ſtray, who dares ſay, *Ioue* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worſe to ſmother it.
All loue the wombe that their being bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue to loue my head.
Ant. Heauen that I had it; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſ- interpreting;
We might proceed to counſel of your daies;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo faire a tree,
As your faire ſelfe, doth tune vs otherwiſe:
Forty daies longer we do reſpite you,
If by which time our ſecret be vndone,
This mercy ſhewes wee'l ioy in ſuch a ſonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine ſhall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. *Exit.*

Manet Pericles ſolus

Per. How conſteſie would ſeeme to couer ſinne,

When

When what is done is like an hipocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight,
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule:
Where now you both a father and a sonne,
By your vntimely clasping with your childe,
(Which pleasures fits an husband, not a father)
And she an eater of her mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poyson breed
Antioch, farewell, for wisedome sees those men
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light:
One sinne [I know] another doth prouoke:
Murders as neere to lust, as flame to smoake:
Poyson and treason are the hands of sinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the shame,
Then least my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile shun the danger which I feare.

Exit.

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head,
He must not liue to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, *Antioch* doth sinne
In such a loathed manner,
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall, my honour must keepe hie.
Who attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highnesse call?

Anti. *Thaliard* you are of our Chamber,
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your secresie; and for your faithfulnesse
We will aduance you *Thaiard*;

Behold,

Behold, heer's poyson and heer's gold,
We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him,
It fits thee not to aske the reason why?
Because we bid it: say is it done?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling your haste.

Mess. My Lord Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt liue flye after, and like an arrow shot from a well experient Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell it: so do thou neuer returne, vnlesse thou say, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my pistols length, Ile make him sure enough: so farewell to your highnesse.

Ant. *Thaliard* adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

Exit.

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Per. Let none disturbe vs:
Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion dull-eyde melancholy,
By me so vsed, a guest as not an houre,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The toombe where griefe should sleepe, can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger which I feard, is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet neuer pleasures art can ioy my spirits,
Nor yet the other distance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that passions of the minde,
That haue their first conception by mis-dread,
Haue after nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,

Since

Since hee's so great, can make his will his acte,
Will thinke me speaking, though I sweare to silence,
Nor bootes it mee to say I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.
And what may make him blush in being knowne,
With hostile forces hee'l orespread the land,
And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,
Amazement shall driue courage from the state;
Our men bee vanquisht, ere they do resist,
And subiects punisht that neuer thought offeuce,
Which care of them, not pity of my selfe,
Who once no more but as the toppes of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by, and defend them,
Make both my body pine, and my soule languish,
And punnish that before that he would punish.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred brest.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till ye returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They do abuse the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the Bellowes blowes vp sin,
The thing the which is flattered but a sparke,
To which that sparke gines heart and strouger growing,
Whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior sooth here doth proclaime peace,
He flatters you, and makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or strike me if you please.
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs else: but let your cares ore-looke
What shipping and what lading in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs: *Hellicanus* thou hast
Moou'd vs: what seest thou in our lookes?

Hell. An angry, brow dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hell.

Hell. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,
From whence they haue their nourishment?

Per. Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life from thee.

Hell. I haue grouud the axe my selfe,
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pret hee rise, sit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heauen forbid,
That Kings should let their eates heare their faults hid
Fit Councellor and seruant for a Prince,
who by thy wisedome makes a Prince thy seruant,
what wouldst thou haue me do?

Hell. To beare with patience such griefes,
As your selfe do lay vpon your selfe,

Per. Thou speakest like a Physition, *Hellicanus*
That ministers a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receiue the selfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
whereas thou knowst (against the face of death)
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propigate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to Subiects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest (harke in thine eare (as blacke as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinfull father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smoothe: But thou knowst this,
Tis time to feare, when tyrants seeme to kisse,
which feare so grew in me I hither fled
Vnder the houering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was past, what might succeed;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decrease not, but grow faster then the yeares:
And should he thinke, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening ayre,
How many worthy Princes bloud were shed,
To keepe his bed of blackuesse vnlaid o,
To lop that doubt, hee'l fill this Land with armes,

And I make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all, of which thy selfe art one,
Who now reproued it me for it.

Hell. Alasse sir.

Per. Drew sleepe out of mine eyes, blood from my cheekes,
Musing in my minde, with thousand doubts
How I might stope there tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieue them,
I thought it princely charity to grieue them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you haue giuen me leaue to speake
Freely will I speake. *Antiochus* you feare,
And iustly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who eyther by publike warre, or priuate treason,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Destinies do cut his thred of life: your Rule direct to any, if vnto me, day serue not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hell. Wee'l mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence wee had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe,
The care I had and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisedomes strength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aske thine oath,
who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we liue so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall neere conuince,
Thou shewest a subiects shine, I a true prince. *Exit.*

Enter Thaliard solus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere must I kill
King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home:
it

it is dangerous.
Well, I perceiue he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to aske what hee would of the King, desired hee might know none of his secrets. Now do I see hee had some reason for it: for if a King bid a man bee a villaine, hee is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.
Husht heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Helleauns. Escanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You shall not need, my fellow-Peeres of *Tyre*, further to question me of your Kings departure: his sealed Commission left in trust with me, doth speake sufficiently, hee's gone to trauell.

Thal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will bee satisfied, (why as it were vnlicenc'd of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue some light vnto you: Being at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*,

Hell. Royall *Antioch* (on what cause I know not) tooke some displeasure at him, at least he iudged so: and doubting that hee had erred or sinned, to shew his sorrow, hee would correct himselfe; so putts himselfe vnto the ship-mans toyle, with whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well I perceiue I shall not bee hanged now, although I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings Seas must please: hee scapte the Land, to perish at the Sea: Ile present my selfe, Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message vnto Princely *Pericles*; but since my landing I haue vnderstood, your Lord hath betooke himselfe to vnknowne trauailes, my message must returne from whence it came.

Hell. We haue no reason to desire it, commended to our Master, not to vs; yet ere you shall depart, this we desire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Cleon the Gouernor of Tharſus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dioniſia*, ſhall we reſt vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne;
Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hils becauſe they do aſpire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to caſt vp a higher:
O my diſtreſſed Lord, euen ſuch our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and ſeene with miſchiefes eies,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher riſe.
Cleon. O *Dioniſia*,
Who wanteth food, and will not ſay he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famiſh?
Our tongues and ſorrowes do ſound deepe:
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen ſlumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
Ile then diſcourſe our woes felt ſeuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to ſpeake, helpe me with teares,
Dion. Ile do my beſt Sir.
Cleon. This *Tharſus*, ore which I haue the gouernment,
A Citty, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches ſtrewd her ſelfe euen in the ſtreetes,
Whoſe towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſt the clouds,
And ſtrangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
Whoſe men and dames ſo ietted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glaſſe to trim them by:
There tables were ſtor'd full, ſo glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feede on as delight,
All pouerty was ſcornd, and pride ſo great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeat.
Dion. O tis true.
Cleon. But ſee what heauen can do by this our change:

Theſe mouthes, who but of late, earth, ſea, and ayre,
Weare all too little to content and pleaſe,
Although they gaue their creatures in abundance:
As houſes are defiled for want of vſe.
They are now ſtaru'd for want of exerciſe;
Thoſe pallats, who not yet to ſauers yonger,
Muſt haue inuentions to delight the taſte,
Would now be glad of bred, and beg for it:
Theſe mothers, who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are reddy now
To eate thoſe little darlings whom they loued,
So ſharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who firſt ſhall dye to lengthen life.
Here ſtands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Heere many ſincke, yet thoſe that ſee them fall,
Haue ſcarſe ſtrength to giue them buriall.
Is not this true?
Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes do witneſſe it.
Cleon O let thoſe Cities that of plenties cup.
And her proſperities ſo largely taſte,
With their ſuperfluous ryots heare theſe teates,
The miſery of *Tharſus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Wher's the Lord Gouernor?
Cleon. Here, ſpeake out thy ſorrowes, which thou bring'ſt in
haſte, for comfort is to farre for vs to expect.
Lord We haue deſcried vpon our neigbouring ſhore,
A portly fayle of ſhips make hither ward.
Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrow neuer comes but brings an heyre,
That may ſucceed as his inheritour:
And ſo in ours: ſome neighbouring Nation,
Taking aduantage of our miſery,
That ſtuft the hollow veſſels with there power,
To beare vs downe the which are downe already,
And make a conqueſt of vnhappy me,
Whereas no glory is got to ouercome.

Lord. That's the least feare.
For by the semblance of their white flags displaid, they bring vs
Peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.
Cleon. Thou speak'st like hymme vntutor'd to repeat
Who makes the fairest shew, meanes most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we feare, the ground's the lowest,
And we are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall wee attend
him heere to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, &
what he craues.
Lord. I goe my Lord.
Cleon. Welcome is peace, if she on peace consist;
If warres we are vnable to resist.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernor for so we heare you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes,
We haue heard your miseries as farre as *Tyre.*
And seene the desolation of your streetes,
Nor come we to adde sorrow to your teares,
But to releasse them of their heauy load,
And these our ships you happily may thinke,
Are like the Troian horse, was stuft within
With bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are stor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And gine them life, whom hunger starv'd halfe dead.
Omnes. The Gods of Greece protect you,
And wee'l pray for you.
Per. Arise I pray you, arise; wee doe not looke for reuerence,
but for loue and barborage for our selfe, our ships, and men.
Cleon. The which when any shall not gratifie.
Or pay you with vnthankfulnesse in thought,
Be it our wiues, our children, or our selues,
The curse of heauen and men succeed their euils:
Till when, the which (I hope) shall nere be seene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

Per.

Per. Which welcome wee'l accept, feast here a while,
Vntill our Stars that frowne, lend vs a smile. *Exeunt*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Here haue you seene a mighty King,
His child I wis to incestе bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will proue awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath past necessity:
Ile shew you those in troubles raigne,
Losing a myte, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in conuersation,
To whom I giue my benizon,
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious
But tydings to the contrary,
Are brought t'your eyes, what need I speake

Dumbe Shew,

Enter at one doore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the Traine with them Enter at another doore, a Gentleman with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shewes the letter to Cleon; Pericles gines the Messenger a reward, and Knights him,

Exit Pericles at one doore Cleon at another.

Good *Hellican* that staid at home.
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he striue
To killen bad keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his princes desire,
Sau'd one of all that haps in *Tyre:*
How *Thaliard* came full bent with sinne,
And had intent to murder him;
And this in *Tharsis* was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest:

Be doing ſo, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's ſildome eaſe,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes ſuch vnquiet, that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wracke and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) hauing all loſt,
By waues, from coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelfe;
Till fortune tried with doing bad,
Threw him a ſhore to giue him glad:
And heere he comes; what ſhall be next.
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet ceaſſe your ire, your angry Stars of heauen
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alaſſe, the Seas hath caſt me on the Rockes,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſſe of your powers,
To haue bereft a prince of all his fortunes,
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Here to haue death in peace, is all hee'l craue.

Enter three fiſhermen,

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you Maſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away or Ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Maſter, I am thinking of the poore men
That were caſt away before vs, euen now.
1. Alaſſe

1. Alaſſe poore ſoules, it greeued my heart to heare
What pittifull cries they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could ſcarſely helpe our ſelues.
3. Nay Maſter, ſaid not I as much,
When I ſaw the Porpas, how he bounſt and tumbled?
They ſay, they are halfe fiſh, halfe fleſh:
a plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be waſht.
Maſter, I Maruell how the fiſhes liue in the Sea?
1. Why as men do a Land,
The great ones eat vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Miſers, to nothing ſo fitly
As to a Whale; he plaies and tumbles,
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at laſt deuoure them all at a mouthfull.
Such whales haue I heard on a'th land,
who neuer leaue gaping, till they ſwallowed
The whole Pariſh, Church, Steeple, Bels and all.
Per. A pretty Morall.
3. But Maſter, if I had beene the Sexton,
I would haue bene that day in the Belfrey.
2. Why man?
3. Becauſe he ſhould haue ſwallowed me too,
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would haue kept ſuch a iangling of the bels,
That he would neuer haue left,
Till he caſt Bels ſteeple, Church and Pariſh vp againe:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde,
Per. Simonides?
3. We would purge the land of theſe drones,
That rob the Bee of her hony.
Per. How from the fenny ſubiect of the ſea,
Theſe fiſhers tell the infirmities of men,
And from there watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approue, or men detect,
Peace be at your labour, honeſt fiſhermen.
2. Honeſt, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Per. May see the sea hath cast vpon your coast.

2. What a drunken knaue was the sea,
To cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde.
In that vaste tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreats you pitty him:
He askes of you, that neuer vsde to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Heer's them in our Country of *Greece*.
Gets more with begging then we can do with working

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Per. I neuer practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure; for heere's nothing
to be got now-adaies vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I haue bene, I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on,
A man throngd vp with cold, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may suffice
To giue my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:
Which if you shall refuse when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. Die ke- tha, now gods forbid, I haue a gowne heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now a fore me a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'l haue flesh for all day, fish for fasting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-iacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you my friend, You said you could not beg.

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue? then Ile turne crauer too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

Per. why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle. But Master Ile go draw the net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapoles*.
And our, King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserues so to be call'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernment.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaines from
His Subiects, the name of good, by his gouernment.
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Marry sir, halfe a daies iourney: and Ile tell you, hee hath a faire daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Iust & Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his wiues soule.

Enter the two Fisher-men drawing vp a Net.

2. Helpe, Master, helpe, heere's fish hangs in the Net, like a poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out. Ha bots-on't, tis come at last, and tis turnd to a rusty Armour.

Per. An Armour, friends, I pray you let me see it.
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
Thou giuest me some what to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine owne, part of my heritage
Which my dead father did bequeathe me,
With this strict charge, euen as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a shield
Twixt me and death; and pointed to this Prayse:
For that it saued me, keepe it in like necessity:
The Which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept Where I kept, I so dearely loued it.
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath giuen't againe
I thanke thee for t, my shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I haue here my fathers gift in's will.

what meane you sir?

Per. To beg of you (kinde friends) this coate of worth
For it was sometime Target to a King,
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely:
And for his sake I wish the hauing of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraigns Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better
Ile pay your bounties; til then rest your debter.

1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes,

1. why take it and the gods giue thee good an't.

2. But hearke you my friend, t'was me that made vp this garment throngh the rough seames of the waters: there are certaine condolements, certaine vailes; I hope sir, if you thriue, you'l remember from whence you had them.

Per. Beleeue it I will:
By your furtherance I am cloathd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe.
Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the gazer ioy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a payre of Bases.

2. Wee'l sure prouide, thou shalt haue
My best gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

Per. Then honour be but a Goale to my will,
this day Ile rise, or else adde ill, to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1. *Lord.* They are my Liege, and stay your comming
To present themselues.

King. Returne them, we are ready, and our daughter heere.
In honour of whose birth, these triumphs are,
Sits here like beauties children whom Nature gat

For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaseth you (my royall father) to expresse
My commendations great, whose merites lesse
King. It's fit it should be so; for Princes are
A modell which heauen makes like it selfe.
As Iewels lost their glory if neglected,
So Princes their renownes, if not Respected
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight in his deuice.

Thai. Which to preserue mine honour, Ile performe.

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne;
The word; *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loues you well, that holds his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

Thai. A prince of *Macedon* (my royall Father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady.
The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per aolcera kee per forsa*

The third Knight.

King. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of *Antioch*: and his deuice,
A wreathe of Chiualry: the word. *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

The fourth Knight.

King. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word; *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

King. Which shewes that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

The fift Knight.

Thai. The fift, an hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone tride:

The Motto thus : *Sic spectanda fides.*

The sixt Knight.

King. And what's the sixt and last, the which the Knight himselfe with such a gracefull courtesie deliuered?

Thai. He seemes to bee a stranger: but his Present is
A withered Branch, that's only greene at top;
The Motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

King. A pretty morrall; from the deiected state where in he is he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better then his outward shew can any way speake in his iust commend: For by his rustie out-side, hee appeares to haue practised more the Whipstocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes to an honord triumph strangely furnished.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Vntill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan
The out ward habite, by the inward man.
But stay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great shoutes, and all cry. The meane Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome were superfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deedes.
As in a Title page, your worth in armes;
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feast.
You are princes and my guests,

Thai. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this wreathe of victory I giue,
And Crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

Per: Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that enuies it:

In framing an Artist, Art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you her laboured scholler: come Queene of th' feast,
For (daughter so you are) here take your place:
Martiall the rest, as they deserue his grace.

Knights. Wee are honoured much by good *Simonides.*

King. Your, present glads our dayes, honour we loue,
For who hates honour hates the God aboue.

Marsh. Sir yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not sir for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Enuy the great, or doe the low despise.
You are right curteous Knights.

King. Sit, sit, sit,
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist me, he not thought vpon.

Thai. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Mariage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnsauory,
Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant gentleman.

King. Hee's but a country gentleman, has done no more
Then other Knights haue done, has broke a staffe,
Or so; let it passe.

Thai. To me he seemed a Diomond to glasse.

Per. You King's to me, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels me in that glory once he was,
And Princes sat like stars about his Throne,
And he the Sun, for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him but like lesser lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his supremacy;
Where now his sonne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath fire in darknesse none in light:
Whereby I see that time's the King of men,
For hee's their parents and he is their graue,
And giues them what he will not what they craue.

King. what are you merry, Knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royall presence?

King. Heere with a cup that's ſturd vnto the brim,
As you do loue, fill to your Miſtris lips,
We drinke his health to you.
Knight. We thanke your grace.
King. Yet pauſe a while; yon Knight ſits too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our Court,
Had not a ſhew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you *Thaiſa*?
Thai. What is't to me my father?
King. O attend my daughter,
Princes in this ſhould liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely giues to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing ſo, are like to Gnats,
Which make a ſound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his enterance more ſweet,
Heere, ſay we drinke this ſtanding boule of wine to him.
Thai. Alaſſe my father, it befits not me,
Vnto a ſtranger Knight to bee ſo bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens guifts for impudence.
King. How? do as I bid you or you'l moue me elſe.
Thai. Now by the Gods, he could not pleaſe me better.
King. And futhermore tell him, we deſire to know of him.
Of whence he is, his name and parentage *She caries him*
Thai. The King my father (ſir) hath drunke to you. *the cup.*
Per. I thanke him.
Thai. Wiſhing it ſo much blood vnto your life.
Per. I thanke both him and you, and plege him freely. *He*
Thai. And further he deſires to know of you, *drinkes.*
Of whence you are your name and Parentage.
Per. A gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education being in Artes and armes:
Who looking for aduentures in the world,
Was by the rough ſeas reft of ſhips and men,
And after ſhipwracke, driuen vpon this ſhore,
Thai. He thankes your Grace; names himſelfe *Pericles*,
A gentleman of *Tyre*, who onely by misfortune of the ſeas,
Bereſt

Bereſt of ſhips and men, caſt on the ſhore.
King. Now by the Gods, I pitty his misfortune
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come gentlemen, we ſit too long on trifles,
And waſte the time, which lookes for other reuels.
Euen in your armours as you are addreſt,
Will well become a Souldiers dance:
I will not haue excuſe with ſaying that
Lowd muſicke is too harſh for Ladies heads,
Since they loue men in Armes, as well as beds.
They dance.
So, this was well aſked, t'was ſo well performde,
Come ſir heere's a Lady that wants breathing too;
And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their meaſures are excellent.
Per. In thoſe that practiſe them, they are (my Lord.)
King. Oh thats as much as you would be denyed
Of your faire courteſie: vnclaſpe, vnclaſpe.
They dance.
Thankes gentlemen to all; all haue done well,
But you the beſt: Pages and Lights, to conduct
Theſe Knights vnto their ſeuerall Lodgings:
Yours ſir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.
Per. I am at your Graces pleaſure.
King. Princes, it is too late to talke of loue,
And thats the marke I know you leuell at:
Therefore each on betake him to his reſt,
To morrow, all for ſpeeding do their beſt.

Enter Helianus and Eſcanes.

Hel. No *Eſcanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from inceſt liued not free:
For which, the moſt high Gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in ſtore, due to his haynous
Capitall offence; euen in the height and pride
Of

Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heauen came and shriueld
Vp those bodies euen to loathing, for they so stunke,
That all those eyes adorn'd them, ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.

Escanes. It was very strange.

Hell. And yet by iustice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was so guarded to barre heauens shaft,
By sute had his reward.

Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in priuate conference,
Or counsell, hath respect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer greeue without reproofe.

3. *Lord* And curst be he that will not second it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Helicane*, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your griefes, for what?
Wrong not your Prince your loue.

1. *Lord* Wrong not your selfe then noble *Helican*,
But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he liues wee'l seeke him out:
If in his graue he rest, wee'l find him there,
And be resolu'd he liues to gouerne vs:
Or dead, giues cause to mourne his funerall,
And leaue vs to our free Election.

2. *Lord*, Whose death indeed, the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,
That best knowes how to rule and how to raigne.
We thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.

Omnes. Liue noble *Hellican*.

Hell. Try honours cause; forbeare your suffrages:
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas
Wher's howrely trouble for a minutes ease)
A twelue month longer, let me intreate you
To forbeare the absence of your King;
If in which time expired, he not returne,
I shall with aged patience beare your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this loue,
Goe search like Nobles, like noble Subiects,
And in such search, spend your aduenturous worth,
Whom if you find, and win vnto returne
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

1. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole that will not yeeld,
And since Lord *Hellican* enioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeauor.

Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, and wee'l claspe hands,
When Peeres thus knit a Kingdome euer stands. *Exit.*

Enter the King reading of a letter, at one doore, and the Knights meete him.

1. *Knight*, Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.

King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue month, shee'l not vndertake
A married life: her reason to herselfe is onely knowne,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get accesse to her (my Lord)

King. Fayth by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her chamber, that tis impossible:
One twelue Moones more shee'l weare *Dianas* liuery:
This by the eye of *Cinthia* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake.

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues.

King. So, they are well dispatcht,
Now to my daughters Letter; she tels me heere,
Shee'l wed the stranger Knight.

Or neuer more to view nor day nor light,
Tis well Mistris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well: nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides.*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night:
I do protest my eares were neuer better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
King. Sir, You are Musicks master.
Per. The worst of all her scholers (my good Lord)
King. Let me aske you one thing.
What do you thinke of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most vertuous Princesse,
King. And shee's faire too, is she not?
Per. As a faire day in Summer: wondrous faire.
King. Sir my daughter thinkes very well of you,
I so well that you must be her master,
And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
Per. I am vnworthy to be her schoolemaster.
King. She thinkes not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. What's heere, a letter, that she loues the Knight of *Tyre.*
Tis the Kings subtilty to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That neuer aimde so high to loue your daughter,
But bent all office to honour her.
King. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.
Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought Of

Of mine leuy offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your displeasure.
King. Traitor, thou lyest.
Per. Ttaytor?
King. I traytor.
Per. Euen in his throate, vnlesse he be a King,
That cals me traitor I returne the lye.
King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer relisht of a base discent:
I came vnto your Court for honours cause,
And not to be a rebell to our state:
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prooue hee's honours enemy.
King. No? here comes my daughter, she can witnesse it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Resolue your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any sillable that made loue to you?
Thai. Why sir if you had who takes offence,
At that would make me glad?
King. Yea mistris, are you so peremptory?
I am glad of it with all my heart,
Ile tame you ile bring you in subiection. *Aside.*
Will you not hauing my consent,
Bestow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a stranger? who for ought I know, *Aside.*
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)
As great in blood as I my selfe.
Therefore heare you mistris, eyther frame
Your will to mine; and you sir heare you,
Eyther be rul'd by me, or Ile make you ——
Man and wife; nay, come your hands
And lips must seale it too: being ioynd,

Ile

Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe,
God giue you ioy; what, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you loue me sir.

Per. Euen as my life or blood that fosters it.

King. What are you both agreed?

Amb. Yes if it please your maiesty.

King It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Exeunt. *Enter Gower,*

Now sleepe slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house.
Made louder by the o're-fed beast,
Of this most pompous marriage feast:
The Cat with eyne of Burning coale,
Now couches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the ouens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Whereby the losse of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, Ile plaine with speech.

Dumbe Shew.

Enter Pericles & Simonides at on doore with attendants, a Messenger meetes them knerles, & giues Pericles a letter, Pericles shewes it Simonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thaysa with child, with Lychorida a Nurse, the King shewes her the letter she reioyces: she and Pericles take leaue of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull search,
By the foure opposing Crignes,
Which the World together ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and high expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*,

Fame

Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Helicanus* would set on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutany, he there hastes t'oppresse,
Sayes to them, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice sixe Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the sum of this
Brought hither to *Pentapolis*,
Irony shed the Regions round,
And euery one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of such a thing?
Briefe, he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with childe, makes her desire,
Which who shall cosse along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her Nurse she takes,
And so to sea, their vessell shakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune moou'd
Varies againe: the griesled North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a Ducke for life that driues,
So vp and downe the poore ship diues:
The lady shreekes, and well-a-neere,
Doth fall in trauile with her feare:
And what ensues in this selfe storme,
Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe,
I mill relate, action may
Conueniently the rest conuay
Which might not? what by me is told;
In your imagination hold:

This

This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke,
The seas toss't *Pericles*, appeares to speake.

Exit Gower.

Enter Pericles on Shipboord.

Per. The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges
Which wash both heauen and hell, and thou hast
Vpon the Windes command, binde them in Brasse
Hauing cald them from the deepe, O still
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble sulpherous flashes: O how *Lichorida*?
How does my Queene? then storme venomously,
Wilt thou spear all thy selfe? the Sea mans whistle
Is a whisper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Lucina*, oh!
Diuinest patroneſſe, and my wife, gentle
To those that cry by night, conuey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, may swift the pangs
Of my Queenes trauailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lycherida.

Lych. Heere is nothing too young for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead *Queene*.

Per. How now *Lychorida*?

Lych. Patience good sir do not assist the storme,
Heere's all that is left liuing of your *Queene*;
A little Daughter, for the sake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away?
We heere below, recall not what we giue,
And therein may vse honour with you.

Lych. Patience good sir, euen for this charge.

Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a more blusterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy condition;
For thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world,

That

That euer was Princes childe: happy what follows,
Thou hast as chiding a Natiuity,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harold thee from the wombe:
Euen at the first, thy losse is more then can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canst finde heere:
Now the good Gods throw their best eyes vpon it.

Enter two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* what courage sir? God saue you.

Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the loue
Of this poore infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1. *Sayl.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and split thy selfe.

2 *Sayl.* But sea-roome, and the brine and clowdy billow
kisse the Moone: I care not.

1 *Sayl.* Sir, your Queene must ouer board,
The sea workes hie, the winde is lowd,
And will not lye till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1. Pardon vs sir; this is a lye with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld her.

Per. As you thinke meete, for she must ore board straight,
Most wretched Queene.

Lycher. Heere she lies sir.

Per. A tirrible child-bed hast thou had (my deare)
No light, to fire, the vnfriendly Elements
Forgot thee vtterly nor haue I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight
Must cast thee scarcely coffind in oare,
Where for a Monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remaining lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming water must ore-whelme thy corps
Lying with simple shels: O *Lycherida*,
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Incke and Papor,
My Casket and my Iewels, and bin *Nicander*

Bring

Bring me the Satin Coffin ; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her : sodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Chest beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee : Meriner say what coast is this ?
2. We are neere *Tharsus*.
Per. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy course for *Tyre*, when canst thou reach it ?
2. By breake of day, if the winde cease.
Per. O make for *Tharsus*,
There will I visite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus* ; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nursing : goe the wayes good Mariner,
Ile bring the body presently.

Exit.

Enter Lord Cerymon with a seruant,

Cer. Philemon, hoe.

Enter Philemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call ?
Cer. Get fire and meate for these poore men,
It hath beene a turbulet and stormy night,
Ser. I haue beene in many ; but such a night as this,
Till now I neare indured.
Cer. Your Master will be dead ere you returne,
There's nothing can be minist'red to nature,
That can recouer him : giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship,
Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stirre so early ?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea
Shooke as if the earth did quake :
The very principles did seeme to rend and all to topple,
Feare surprize and feare, made me to leaue the house,

2. *Gent.*

2. *Gent.* That is the cause wee trouble you so early.
Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O you say well.
1. *Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordship
Hauing rich attire about you, should at these early houres
Shake off the golden slumber of repose : tis most strange
Nature should be so conuersant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cer. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning.
Were endwomens greater, then Nobleness and Riches,
Careless heyres may the two latter darken and expend ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a God :
Tis knowne, I euer studied Physicke,
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authority,
I haue together with my practise made familiar
To me and to my aide, the best infusions that dwels
In Vegitiues, in Mettals, Stones : and can speake of the
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her eures ;
Which doth diue me a more content in course of true delight
Then to be thirsty after tottering Honour,
Or tye my pleasure vp in silken Bags,
To please the Foole and Death.
2. *Gent*, Your honour hath through *Ephesus*,
poured foorth your charity, and hudereds call themselues
Your Creatures ; who by you haue beene restored,
And not your knowledge, your personall paine,
But euen your purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerymon*
Such strong renowne, as neuer shall decay.

Enter two or three with a Chest.

Ser. So, lift there.
Cer. What's that ?
Ser. Sir, euen now did the sea tosse vp vpon our shoure
This Chest ; tis of some wracke.
Cer. Set it downe, let vs looke vpon it.
Gent. Tis like a Coffin, sir.

Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heauy;
Wrench it open straight:
If the seas stomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,
Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. *Cent.* Tis so, my Lord.

Cer. How close tis caulkt and bottomd, did the sea cast it vp?

Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it vpon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open; it smels most sweetely in my sence.

2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.
Oh you most potent Gods! whats heere, a Coarse?

2. *Gen.* Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balmd and entreasured
With full bags of spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Heere I giue to vnderstand,
If ere this Coffin driue a land,
I King Pericles hath lost
This Queene, worth all our mundane cost:
Who findes her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charity.

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart
That euen crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.

2. *Gent*, Most likely sir.

Cer. Nay certainely to night, for looke how fresh she lookes.
They were too rough, that, threw her in the sea.
Make a fire within, fetch hether all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may vsurpe on nature many howres.
And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits,
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine houres bene dead,
Who was by good appliance recouered,

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,
The

The rough and wofull musicke that we haue,
Cause it to sound I beseech you:
The Viall once more; how thou stirrest thou blocke?
The musicke there: I pray you giue her ayre;
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her;
She hath not bene entranc'st aboue fiue houres,
See how she gins to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. *Gen* The heauens through you, encrese our wonder,
And sets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue, behold her eye lids,
Cases to those heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a most praised water doth appeare,
To make the world twice rich, liue, and make vs weepe,
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to be.

She moues.

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?
What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamder beare her, get linnen;
Now this matter must be lookt too, for the relapse
Is mortall: come, come, and *Esculapius* guide vs.

They carrie her away *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Pericles at Tharsus, with Cleon Dionisia.

Per. Most honoud *Cleon*, I must needs be gone,
My twelue months are expirde, and *Tyre* stands
In a peace: you and your Lady take from my heart
All thankfulnesse, The Gods make vp the rest vpon you
Cleon. Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you.
Mortally, yet glance full wondringly on vs.

Dion. O your sweete Queene! that the strict fates had pleasd
You had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.

Per. We connot but obey the powers aboue vs?

Could

Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for she was borne at sea) I haue named so,
Heere I charge your charity withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her
Princely training, that she may be mannerd as she is borne.
Cleon, Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne, for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall vpon you, must in your childe
Be thought on, if neglect should therein make me vile,
The comm non body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my duty, but if to that,
My nature need a spurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation,
Per. I beleeue you, your honour and your goodnesse,
Teach mee toot without your vowes till she be married,
Maddam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnsisterd shall his heyres of mine remaine,
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue:
Good Maddam, make me blessed, in your care
In bringing vp my childe.
Dion. I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere to my respect then yours my Lord.
Per. My thanks and prayers.
Cleon. Wee'l bring your graces to the edge of the shore, then giue you vp to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentlest windes of heauen.
Per. I will embrace your offer come deerest Madame.
O no teares *Lycborida*, no teares looke to your little Mistris, on whose grace you may depend hereafter: come my Lord.

Enter Cerymon and Thaisa.

Cer. Maddam, this Letter, and some certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command:
Know you the Character?
Thai. It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea, I well remember,
euen on my learning time: but whether there deliuered, by the holy

holy Gods, I cannot rightly say: but since King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere shall see againe, a vastall liuery will I take me to,
and neuer more haue ioy.
Cler. Maddam, if this you purpose as ye speake,
Dianaes Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you please a Neece of mine,
Shall their attend you,
Thai. My recompence is thanks, thats all,
Yet my good will is great, the gift small. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and setled to his owne desire?
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Ephesus*,
vnto *Diana* ther's a votarisse.
Now to Marina bend your minde,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In Musickes letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace
Which makes high both the art and place
Of generall wonder but alacke
That monster Enuy oft the wracke
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen ripe for marriage sight: this Maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certaine in our story, she
Would euer with Marinar be,
Beet when they weaude the sleded silke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it, or when too'th Lute
She sung, and made the nights bed mute,

That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Philoten* contents in ſkill
With abſolute *Marina*: ſo
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes which are paide by debts,
And not as giuen, this ſo darkes
In *Philoten* all graceſull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with enuy rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dioniza* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the vnbotne euent,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime
Which neuer could I ſo conuay,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dioniza doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dioniza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which neuer ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profit, let not conſcience which is but cold, inflaming thy loue boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which euen women haue caſt off, melt thee but be a ſoldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould haue her,
Heere ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,
Thou

Thou art reſolu'd?

Leon. I am reſolu'd.

Enter Marina with a baſket, of flowers.

Mar. No: I will robbe *Tellus* of her weede, to ſtrew thy greene with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets, and Marigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang vpon thy graue, while Summer dayes do laſt, Aye me poore maide, borne in a tempeſt, when my mother dide: this world to me is like a laſting ſtorme, me hurrying from my friends.

Dion. How now Marina? why de'ye weepe alone?
How chaunce my daughter is not with you?
Doe not conſume my blood with ſorrowing,
You haue a nurſe of me, Lord how your fauour's
Chang'd with this vnprofitable woe:
Come giue me your flowers, ere the ſea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it pierces and ſharpens the ſtomacke;
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereaue you of your ſeruant.

Dion. Come, come, Ile loue the King your father, and your ſelfe, with more then forraine heart: wee euery day expect him heere, when hee ſhall come and finde our Paragon, to all reports thus blaſted. Hee will repent the breadth of his great voyage blame both my Lord and mee, that wee haue taken no care to your beſt courſe. Go I pray you, walke and be chierfull once againe; reſerue that excellent complection, which did ſteale the eyes of yong and old,
Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I haue no deſire to it.

Dion. Come come, I know 'tis good for you:
Walke halfe an howre *Leonine*, at the leaſt,
Remember what I haue ſaid.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweet Lady, for a while: pray walke ſoftly, doe not heate your blood; what, I muſt haue a care of you.

Mar. My thinks sweet Madame-Is the winde Westerly that blowes?

Leon. South. west.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Wast so?

Mar. My father, as Nurse saith, did neuer feare, but cryed good sea-men to the saylers, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and clasping to the Mast. endured a sea that almost burst the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a canuas clymer, ha, saith one, wilt out? and with a dropping industry they skipe from sterne to sterne: the Boat-swaine whistles, and the Master calles and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, lay your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am sworne to do my worke with haste.

Mar Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would she haue me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer spake bad word, nor did ill turne to any liuing creature beleeue me now, I never kild a Mouse, nor hurt a Flie: I trod vpon a worme once against my will, but I wept for it. How haue I offended wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes fore-shew you haue a very gentle heart, I saw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-sooth it shewd well in you, do so now, your Lady seekes my life, come you betweene, and saue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am sworne, and will dispatch.

Enter

Enter Pirates,

Pirat 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue her aboard sodainely.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing theeues serue the great Pyrate *valdes* and they haue seised *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope shee will returne: Ile swere shee's dead and throwne into the sea but Ile see further, perhaps they will not please themselues vppon her, not carry her aboard, if shee remaine,
Whom they haue rauisht, must be slaine. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bands.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, wee lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchlesse.

Band. We were neuer so much out of creatures, wee haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they can do, and they with continuall action are as good as rotten,

Pander. Therefore lets haue fresh ones what ere wee pay for them, if there be not a conscience to be vsde in euery trade, wee shall neuer prosper.

Band. Thou saiest true, tis not our bringing vp of poore bastards, as I thinke I haue brought some eleuen.

Boult. I to eleuen and brought them downe againe,
But shall I search the market?

Band. What else man? the stuffe wee haue a strong winde will blow it to pieces, they are so pittifull sodden.

Pander. Thou saist true, ther's two vnwholsome in conscience, the poore *Transiluanian* is dead that lay with the little baggedge

Boult. I shee quickly poupt him, shee made him roast-meate

for wormes, but Ile go ſearch the market

Pand. Three or foure thouſand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to liue quietly, and ſo giue ouer.

Baud. Why. to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could picke vp ſome pritty eſtate, t' where not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch'd; beſides, the ſore termes wee ſtand vpon with the gods, will be ſtrong with vs for giuing ore.

Baud. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As wel as we, I, and better too, we offend worſe, neither is our profeſſion any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boults*.

Enter Boult with the Pirates, and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my maſters, you ſay ſhee's a virgine?

Sayl. O ſir. we doubt not.

Boult. Maſter, I haue gone through for this peece you ſee, If you like her, ſo; if; not, I haue loſt my earneſt.

Baud. Boult, ha's ſhe any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, ſpeakes well, and has excellent good clothes: thers no farther neceſſity of qualities can make her be refuſd.

Baud. What's her price, *Boult*.

Boult. I cannot be abated one doit of a thouſand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maſters, you ſhall haue your money preſently: wife, take her in, inſtruct her what ſhee has to do that ſhe may not be raw in her entertainment,

Baud. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will giue moſt, ſhall haue her firſt. Such a maiden-head weare no cheap thing, if men were as they haue bene: get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance ſhall follow.

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was ſo ſlacke, ſo ſlow: *Exit.*
He ſhould haue ſtrucke, not ſpoke;

Or

Or that theſe Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not ore-boord throwne me, for to ſeecke my mother.

Baud. Why weepe you pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods haue done their parts in you.

Mar. I accuſe them not.

Baud. You are deliuer'd into my hands,
Where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to ſcape his hands,
Where I was like to die.

Baud. I. and you ſhall liue in pleaſure.

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes indeede ſhall you, and taſte Gentlemen of all faſhions. You ſhall farewell; you ſhall haue the difference of all complexions: what, de'ye ſtop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you haue mee to bee, if I bee not a woman?

Mar. An honeſt woman, or not a woman,

Baud Marry whip thee Goſling: I thinke I ſhall haue ſomething to doe with you. Come y'are a yong fooliſh ſapling, and muſt be bowed as I would haue ye.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Baud. If it pleaſe the Gods to defend you by men, then men muſt comfort you, men muſt feede you men muſt ſtirre you vp: *Boults* return'd,

Enter Boult.

Now ſir, haſt thou cride her through the market?

Boult. I haue cried her almoſt to the number of her haires, I haue drawne her picture with my voyce.

Baud. I prethy tell mee how doeſt thou finde the inclination of the people, eſpecially of the yonger ſort?

Boult. Faith they liſtned to me, as they would haue hearkned to their fathers Teſtament. There was a Spaniardes mouth ſo watered, that he went to bed to her very deſcription.

Baud. We ſhall haue him heere to morrow with his beſt ruffe on.

Boult.

Boult. To night, to night, but Mistresse, doe you know the French Knight that cowtes i'th hams?

Baud. Who, *Mounsier Verolles*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of every Nation a traueller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes coming vpon you, marke me, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profit where, you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, make pitty in your louers sildome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinon a meere profite.

Mar. I vnderstand you not.

Boult. O take her home mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistresse, if I haue bargaind for the ioynt,

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Baud. Who should deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. *Boult* spend thou that in the Towne, report what a sojourner we haue, you'l lose nothing by custome. When Nature framed this peece, she ment thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, & thou hast the haruest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, stirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Baud

Baud. Come your waies, follow me.

Mari. If fiers be hot, kniues sharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana aide my purpose.

Baud. What haue we to do with *Diana*? pray you goe with vs. *Exit.*

Enter Cleon and Dionizia.

Dion. Why are you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, such a peece of slaughter,
The sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a childe againe.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, Ile giue it to vndo the deed. O Lady, much lesse in blood then vertue, yet a Princesse to equall any single Crowne of the earth, in the iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poisoned too, if thou hadst drunke to him, it had beene a kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say, when Noble *Pericles* shall demand his childe?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates to foster it, nor euen to preserue, she dide at night Ile say so, who can crosse it, vnlesse you pray the Innocent, and for an honest attributte, cry out she dyde by foule play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath heauens, the Gods do like this worst.

Dionzia. Be one of those, that thinkes the pretty wrens of *Tharsus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame to thinke of what a Noble straine you are, and of how coward a spirit.

Cleon. To such proceeding, who euer, but his approbation added, though not his whole consent, he did not flow from honourable courses.

Dionzia. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how she came dead, nor none can know *Leonine* being gone. Shee

 did

did disdaine my childe, and stoode betwnee her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilst ours was blorred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well loving, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindnesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? wee wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden characters, expres a generall praise to her, and care in vs, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to detray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth sweare to'th gods that Winter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'do as I aduise. *Exit.*

Enter Gower

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short
Saile seas in Cockels, haue and wish but for:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, Region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To vse one Lauguage, in each seuerall clime,
Where our scenes seeme to liue. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe th' warting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his liues dlight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behnide,
Is left to gouerne it: you beare in minde
Old *Escenes* whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduanc'd in time to great and high state.

Well

Well saying ships, and bounteous, windes haue brought.
This King to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilate thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them moue a while.
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile,

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dinozia at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles, the toombe, whereat Pericles makes lamention, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe:
And *Pericles* in sorrow all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showrd.
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarks, he sweares
Neuet to wash his face, nor cut his haire,
He put on sackcloth and to sea he beares,
A tempest which his mortall vessell teares:
And yet he rides it out, Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, writ by *Dionizia*.

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies heere.
Who withered in her spring of yeare:
She was of Tirus the Kings Daughter
On whom foule death hade made this slaughter:
Marina was she calld, and at her birth
That is being proud, swallowed some part of th' earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis birth-childe on the heauens bestowed,
Wherefore she does and sweares she'l neuer stint,
Make raging Battrie vpon shores of flint.

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No vizor does become blacke villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery:
let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courses to be ordered

By Lady *Fortune*, while our ſceare muſt play,
His daughter woe and heauy wel-aday.
In her vnholy ſeruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline.* *Exit*

Enter two Gentlemen

1. *Cent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No nor neuer ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to haue diuinity preacht there, did you euer dreame of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No no, come, I am for no more bawdy houſes, ſhall we go heare the Veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit*

Enter the three Bauds

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her, ſhe had neere came heere.

Baud. Fie, fie vpon her, ſhe is able to frieze the God *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we muſt eyther get her rauiſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhe would make a puritane of the diuell, if hee ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith I muſt rauiſh her, or ſhee'l diſfurniſh vs of all our Caualeers, and make our ſwearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the poxe upon her greene ſickneſſe for me.

Bane. Faith ther's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boul. We ſhould haue both Lord and Lowne, if the peeuiſh daggedge would but giue ſtay to cuſtomers.

Entter Lyſimachus

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginitiys?

Baud. Now the gods bleſſe your Houour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ

Lyſ. You may ſo, tis the better for you, that your reſorters ſtaud vpon ſound legs, how now? wholeſome impunity haue you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the ſurgeon?

Baud. We haue one heere ſir if ſhe would——
But there neuer came her like in *Metaline.*

Lyſ. If ſhee'd do the deede of darknes, thou wouldſt ſay.

Baud. Your honour knowes what tis to ſay well enough.

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For fleſh and blood ſir, white and red, you ſhall ſee a Roſe, and ſhee were a Roſe indeede, if ſhe had but——

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O ſir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the renowne of a baud, no leſſe then it giues a good report to a number to be chaſt.

Enter Marina.

Baud Heere comes that which growes to the ſtalke,
Neuer pluct yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a faire creature?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerue after a long voyage at ſea,
Well, ther's for you, leaue vs.

Baud. I beſeech your honour giue me leaue a word,
And Ile haue done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Baud. Firſt, I would haue you note, this is an honorable man

Mar. I deſire to find him ſo, that I may worthily note him,

Baud. Next, ihee's the gouernor of this Country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he gouerne the Country, you are bound to him indeede, but how honorable he is in that I know not.

Baud. Pray you without and more virginall fencing, will you vſe him kindly? he will line yonr Apron with gold.

Mar. What he will doe graciouſly I will thankefully receiue.

Lyſ. Haue you done?

Baud, My Lord, ſhee's not paſte yet, you muſt take ſome paines to worke her to your mannage, come, we will leaue his Honour and her together.

Exit Baud,

Li. Now pritty one, how long haue you beene at this trade?

Mar. What trade Sir?

Li. Why, I cannot name but I ſhall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to name it.

Li. How long haue you bene of this profeſſion?

Mar. Ere ſince I can remember.

Li. Did you go too't ſo young, were you a gameſter at fiue or at ſeauen?

Mar. Earlier too ſir, if now I be one.

Li. Why the houſe you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of ſale.

Mar. Doe you know this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into it? I heare ſay you are of honourable parts, and the Gouernor of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Li. Why your bearbe woman, ſhe that ſets ſeeds and rootes of ſhame and iniquity. O you haue heard ſome-thing of my power, and ſo ſtand aloſt for more ſerious wooing, but I proteſt to thee, pretty one, my authority ſhall not ſee, thee, or elſe looke frindly vpon thee; come bring me to ſome private place, come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, ſhew it now, if put vpon you, make the iugement good, that thought you worthy of it

Li How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though moſt vngentle Fortune haue plac'd mee in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes haue bene ſolde deerer then Phyſicke, O that the gods would ſet me free from this vnhallowd place, though they did change me to the meaneſt bird that fli es i'th purer aire.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldſt haue ſpoke ſo well, I nere dreampt thou couldſt; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy ſpeech had altered it, hold, heere's gold for thee, perſeuer in that cleare way thou goeſt, and the gods ſtrengthen thee

Mar.

Mar. The good Gods perſerue you.

Li. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me the verie doores and windowes ſauour vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, and I doubt not but thy training hath bin Noble, hold, heere's more gold for thee, a curſe vpon him, dye like a theefe, that robs thee of thy goodneſſe, if thou doſt heare from me, it ſhall be for thy good.

Boult. I beſeech your honour, one peece for me.

Li. Auant thou damned dore-keeper, your houſe but for this virgin that doth prop it, would ſinke and ouer-whelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we muſt take another courſe with you? if your peeuiſh chaſtity, which is not worth a breake-faſt in the cheapeſt Country vnder the coape, ſhall vndoe a whole houſe hold, let me be geldeid leke a ſpaniell, come your waies

Mar. Whither would you haue me?

Boult. I muſt haue your mayden-head taken off, or the common hangman ſhall execute it, come your way, wee'l haue no more gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I ſay.

Enter Bauds

Band. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe Miſtris, ſhe hath heere ſpoken holy words to the Lord *Lyſimachus.*

Band. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profeſſion as it were to ſtinke before the face of the Gods.

Band Marry hang her vp for euer.

Boult. The Nobleman would haue dealt with her like a Nobleman, and ſhe ſent him away as colde as a Snow-ball, ſaying his prayers too.

Band. Boult take her away, vſe her at thy pleaſure, cracke the glaſſe of her virginity, & make the reſt male-abſe,

Boult. And if ſhe were a thornier peece of ground then ſhee is, ſhe ſhall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, you Gods.

Band, She coniures, away with her, would ſhe had neuer come

within

within my doores, Marry hang you, shee's borne to vndo vs, will you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come vp my dish of chastity' with rosemary and bayse. *Exit.*

Boult. Come mistris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the iewell you hold so deere.

Mar Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather, Mistris.

Mar, Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command; thou holdst a place, for which the paine dst fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cusherell that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke fisting of euery rogue, thy eare is liable, thy food is such as hath beene belcht on by infected lungs.

Bou. What would you haue me do? go to the wars would you where a man may serue 7 yeares for the losse of a leg, and haue not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost, empty olde receptacles, or common-shores of filth; serue by Indenture to the common hangman, any of these waies are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could hee speake, would owne a name too deare: Oh, that the Gods would safely deliuer me from this place: heere, heere's gold for thee, if that thy Master would gaine by me, proclaime that, I can sing, weaue, sowe, and dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boast, and will vndertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeeld many schollers,

Boult But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Proue that I cannot, take me home againe, and prostitute me to the basest groome that doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lyes little among them; but since my master and mistris hath bought you, ther's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, Ile do for thee what I can, come your waies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell scapes and chaunces
Into an honest house, our storie saies;
She sings like one immortall, and she dances
As Goddesse-like to her admired laies;
Deepe Clearks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Natures owne shape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That euen her art, sisters the naturall Roses,
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That pupples lackes she none of noble race,
Who poure their bounty on her, and her gaine
She giues the cursed Baud. Leaue we her place
And to her father turnd our thoughts againe,
Where we left him at sea tumbled and tost,
And driuen before the winde, he is ariude
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this Coast,
Suppose him now at Anchor: the Citty striude
God *Neptune* annuall feast to keepe, from whence
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* ship espies,
His banners sable, trimd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with feruour hies
In your supposing, once more put your sight
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke,
Where what is done in action (more if might
Shall be discouered, please you sit and harke. *Exit*

Enter Hellicanus with two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus*? he can resolue you. O here he is Sir, there is the Barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lysimachus* the Gouernor, who craues to come aboard, what is your will?

Hell.

Hell. That he haue his call vp ſome Gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho Gentlememen my Lord cals,

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordſhip call;

Hell. Gentlemen, there is ſome of worth wold come aboard, I pray greet them fairely.

Enter Lyſimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, reſolue you.

Lyſ. Haile reuerent ſir, the Gods preſerue you.

Hell And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lyſ. You wiſh me well; being on ſhore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, ſeeing this goodly veſſell ride before vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. Firſt, what is your place?

Lyſ. I am the Gouernor of this place, you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our veſſel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not ſpoken to any one, nor taken ſuſtenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lyſ. Vpon what ground is this diſtemperance?

Hell. It would be to tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe ſprings from the loſſe of a beloued daughter and a wife.

Lyſ. May we not ſee him?

Hell. You may, but bootleſſe is your ſight, he will not ſpeake to any.

Lyſ. Let me obtaine my wiſh.

Hell. Behold him this was a goodly perſon, till the diſaſter that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lyſ. Sir King, all haile, the Gods preſerue you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not ſpeake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durſt wager would win ſome words of him.

Lyſ. Tis well be thought, ſhe queſtionleſſe with her ſweete harmony, and other choſen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defended part, which now are mid-way ſtopt

ſtopt ſhe is all happy, as the faireſt of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leuie ſhelter that abutts againſt the Iſlands ſide.

Hell. Sure all effectleſſe, yet nothing wee'l omit that beares recoueries name. But ſince your kindneſſe we haue ſtretcht this farre, let vs beſeech you, that for our gould we may haue prouiſion, wherein we are not deſtitute for want, but weary for the ſtaleneſſe.

Lyſ. O ſir, a courteſie, which if we ſhould deny, the moſt iuſt God for euery graffe would ſend a Caterpiller, and ſo inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee entreat e to know at large the cauſe of your Kings ſorrow.

Hell. Sit ſir, I will recount it to you; but ſee, I am preuented.

Enter Marina.

Lyſ. O heere's the Lady that I ſent for.
welcome faire one: Iſt not a goodly preſent?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lyſ. Shee's ſuch a one, that were I well aſſurde,
Came of a gentle kinde and noble ſtocke,
Ide wiſh no better choiſe, and thinke me rarely wed,
Faire and all goodneſſe that conſiſts in beauty,
Expect euen heere, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy proſperous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to anſwer thee in ought,
Thy ſacred Phyſicke ſhall receiue ſuch pay,
As thy deſires can wiſh.

Mar. Sir, I will vſe my vttermoſt skill in his recouery, prouided, that none but I and my companion maide bee ſuffered to come neere him.

Lyſ. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her proſperous. *The Song.*

Lyſ. Markt he your muſicke?

Mar. No, not lookt on vs.

Lyſ. See, ſhe will ſpeake to him.

Mar. Haile ſir, my Lord, lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before inuited eies, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: ſhee ſpeakes my Lord, that

may be, hath endured a griefe might equal yours, if both were iuſtly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my ſtate, my deriuation was from anceſtors who ſtood equiuolent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and aukward caſualties, bound me in ſeruitude, I will deſiſt but there is ſomething glowes vpon my cheek, and whiſpers in mine eare, Goe not till he ſpeake,

Per, My fortunes parentage, good parentage to equall mine; was it not thus, what ſay you?

Mar. I ſaide, my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not doe me violence.

Per. I do thinke ſo, pray you turne your eye vpon me, ye'are like ſome-thing that, what Country-women heare of theſe ſhewes?

Mar. No, nor of any ſhews, yet I was mortally brought foorth and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and ſhalbe deliuered weeping: my deareſt wife was like this maid, and ſuch a one my daughter might haue beene: my Queenes ſquare browes, her ſtature to an inch, as wand-like ſtraite, as ſiluer voyc'ſt, her eyes as iewell-like and caſt as richly, in pace another *Iuno*. Who ſtatues the eares ſhee feedes and makes them hungry, the more ſhe giues them ſpeech; where do you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a ſtranger from the decke, you may diſcerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you theſe endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I ſhould tell my hiſtory it would ſeeme like lies diſdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee ſpeake, falſeneſſe cannot come from thee, for thou lookeſt modeſt as iuſtice, and thou ſeemſt a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I will beleeue thee, and make my ſenſes credit thy relation, to points that ſeeme impoſſible, for thou lookſt like one I loued indeed; what were thy friends? Didſt thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee backe, which was when I perceiud thee that thou camſt from good diſcent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I thinke thou ſaidſt thou hadſt beene toſt from wrong to iniury, and that thou thoughts thy griefes might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some ſuch thing I ſaid, and ſaid no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy ſtory, if thine conſidered prooue the thouſand part of my endnrance, thou art a man, and I haue ſuffered like a gyrle, yet thou doſt look like patience, gaxing on Kings graues, and ſmiling extreamity out of acte, what were thy friends? how loſt thou thy name my moſt kinde virgin? recount I do beſeech thee, Come ſit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*,

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by ſome inſenced God ſent hither to make the world to laugh me.

Mar. Patience good ſir, or heere ile ceaſe.

Per Nay Ile be patient, thou little knowſt how thou doeſt ſtartle me to call thy ſelfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen me by one that had ſame power my father aud a King,

Per. How, a kings daughter and cald *Marina*,

Mar. You ſaid you would beleeue me, but not to be a trouble of your peace I will end here.

Per. But are you fleſh and bloud?
Haue you a working pulſe, and no Fairy?
Motion will ſpeake on, where were you borne:
And wherefore call *Marina:*

Mar. Cald *Marina*, for I was borne at ſea.

Per. At ſea who! was thy mother:

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king, who dyed the minute I was borne, as my good Nurſe *Lychorida* hath oft deliuered weeping.

Per. O ſtop there a little, this is the rareſt dreame
That ere dull ſleepe did mocke ſad foole with all,
This cannot be my daughter, buried, well, where were you bred:
Ile heare you more to the bottome of your ſtory, and neuer interrupt you.

Mar. You ſcorne, beleeue me were beſt I did giue ore.

Per. I will beleeue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murder me: and hauing wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo'r,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to Metaline.
But good sir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am the daughter of King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councellor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hell. I know not but here's the regent sir of *Metaline*, speaks nobly of her.

Lys. she neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue me a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vpon me ore-beare the shore of my mortality, and drowne me with their sweetnesse. Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget:
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea againe: O *Hellcanus*,
Downe on my knees thanke the holy god as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was my mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can neuer be confirmd enough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am Pericles of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my Mothers name was *Thaisa*, *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise, thou art my childe.
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, she is not dead at *Tharsus*, as she should haue bene by sauage *Cleon*, shee shall tell the all, when thou shalt kneele, and instifie in knowledge, she is thy very Princes who is this?

Hell. Sir tis the Gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholy, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you giue me my robes;
I am wild in my beholding. Oh heauen blesse my girle.
But hearke, what Musicks this *Hellicanus*, my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to dote,
How sure you are my daughter, but wher's this Musicke?

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None, the Musicke of the spheares, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him giue him way.

Per. Rarest sounds do ye not heare?

Lys. Musicke my Lord, I heare.

Per. Most heauenly musicke
It nips me vnto listening, and thicke slumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lys A pillow for his head, so leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answere to my iust beliefe, ile well remember you.

Diana.

Dian. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thether, and doe vpon mine Altar sacrifice. There when my maiden priests are met together, before all the people reueale how thou at sea didst lose thy wife, to mourne thy crosse with thy daughters call and giue them repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou liuest in woe, doo't, and happy by my siluer bow, awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian* Goddesse *Argantine*,
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*. *Hell.* Sir.

Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſeruice firſt,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne ſailes,
Eftſoones Ile tell why, ſhall we refreſh vs ſir vpon your ſhore,
and giue you gold for ſuch prouiſion as our intents will neede.

Lyſ. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I haue another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall preuaile, were it to woe my daughter, for it
ſeemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone giue me,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt releeue me:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe.
What pageantry, what feates, what ſhewes,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metaline*,
To greete the King; ſo he thriued,
That he is promiſed to be wiued
To faire Marina, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrafice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefeneſſe ſailes are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as thei'r wild.
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his company,
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iuſt command,
I here confeſſe wy ſelfe the King of *Tyre.*
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaiſa*, at ſea in child bed died ſhe, but brought foorth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddeſſe weares yet thy
ſiluer liuery, ſhe at *Thaſus* was nurſt with *Cleon*, who at foure-
teene yeares he ſought to murder, but her better ſtars brought
her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her fortunes brought
the maid aboord to vs where by her owne moſt cleare remem-
brance, ſhe made known her ſelfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are O royall *Pericles.*

Pe. What means the woman? ſhe dyes, helpe Gentlemen.

Cer. Sir if you haue told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is your wife.

Per. Reuerend appearer, no, I threw her ouer-boord with-
theſe very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coaſt, I warrant you.

Per. Tis moſt certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O ſhee's but ouerioyde,
Earely in bluſtring morne, this Lady was throwne vpon this
ſhore. I opened the Coffin, found theſe rich iewels, recouered
her, and placed her heere in *Dianaes* Temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great ſir, they ſhall be brought you to my houſe, whe-
ther I inuite you, looke, *Thaiſa* is recouered.

Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my fanctity will
to my ſence bend no licencious eare, but curb it ſpight of ſeeing:
O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him you ſpeake, like him
you are: did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead *Thaiſa.*

Thai. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drownd.

Per. Immortall *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted
Pentapolis, the King my Father gaue you ſuch a ring.

Per. This no more, you Gods, your preſent kindneſſe makes
my paſt miſeries ſport, you ſhall do well that on the touching of
her lips I may melt, and no more be ſeene; O come, be buried a
ſecond time within theſe armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers boſome.

Per. Looke who kneeles heere, fleſh of thy fleſh *Thaiſa*, thy
burden at the ſea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was yeelded there.

Thai. Bleſt, and mine owne.

Hell. Haile Madam, and my Queene.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You haue heard me say when I did flye from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitute; can you remember what I cald the man, I haue namde him of.

Thai. Twas *Helicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him deare Thaisa, this is hee, now do I long to heare how you were found? how possibly preserued? and who to thanke (besides the Gods) for this great miracle?

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* my Lord, this man through whom the Gods shewne their power that can from first to last resolue you.

Per. Reuerent Sir the Gods can haue no mortall officer more like a God then you, will you deliuer how his dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first goe with me vnto my house. where shall be shewne you all was found with her, how she came plac'st heere in the temple, no needfull thing ommitted

Per. Puer Dian blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee; Thaisa this Prince, the faire betrothed of your daughter, shall marry her at Pentapolis, and now this ornament that makes me looke dismall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeares no razor touch to grace thy marriage day, Ile beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit, Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heauens make a star of him, yet there my Queene, weele celebrate their Nuptiall, and our selues will in that Kingdome spend our following dayes; our sonn and daughter shall in *Tyre*.

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing stay,
To heare the rest vntolde, Sir, leads the way.

Exunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter, you haue heard
Of monstrous lust, the due and lust reward:

In

Pericles, his Queene and daughter seene,
Though assaylde with Fortune fierce and keene
Vertue preserd from fell destructions blast,
Led on by heauen, and crownd with ioy at last.
In *Helicanus* may you well descry,
A figure of truth, of faith of loyalty:
In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charity aye weares
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, the honord name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Citty turne,
That him and his, they in his Pallace burne:
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience euermore attending,
Now ioy waite on you heere our play hath ending

FINIS

C. and P. – Peculiarities collated.
J. O. H.

Sig. E. 2 wrongly marked D. 2.
Sig. E. 3. l. 10. endwomens.
Sig. I. l. 1. Marmia.
Sig. I. 2. l. 2. hough.